

The Book Factory

By EDWARD ANTHONY.

"THE ADVENTURES OF MAYA THE BEE."

(A Peach of a Story for Children, by Waldemar Bonsels)

I.

One day a bee named Maya said,
"We live but once and when we're dead
Our days of frolicking are done,
So while I'm here I'll have some fun.
It's nice to be a Busy Bee,
But work does not agree with me.
If I stay in the hive I fear
That I'll contract the hives, old dear.
No, making honey ain't as sweet
A job as some believe. I'll beat
It for the well known Open Road
Where there's no work to discommode.
To bee or not to bee a drudge,
That is the question. I'll not smudge
My hands with toil; it ain't my line.
I worship at adventure's shrine.
The queen bee that is boss of this
Here hive is quite a decent miss,
And so I sing, 'God save the Queen!'
But add, 'Save me from being seen
At work for her!' She's stung, that bee,
If she believes there's toil in me."
Whereat this Maya flew away
To seek adventure and to play.
And as she left was heard to sing,
"A bee has got to have her fling!"

II.

Upon her journeyings she met
A luckless beetle who
(Or which) had tumbled on his back,
And, frightened, raised a hue.
She helped him to his feet, which was
A decent thing to do.

My romance loving readers it
Would probably enchant
If I wrote: "Those two insects soon
Were married." But I can't
Say anything like that because
They weren't, so I shan't!

III.

As heroine Maya one day failed.
She met a dragon-fly who'd nailed
A poor blue-bottle. "Let him go!"
Said Maya. Laughed the villain, "Ho!"
"Obey!" cried Maya, "or, goldonnit,
You'll have a bee right in your bonnet!"
Which scared that dragon-fly so badly
He ate the poor blue-bottle, sadly
Deploring that it was so small
It didn't make a meal at all.

IV.

You want to know what else occurs?
Then read the story, ma'ams and sirs!
I ain't a-tellin' more, I ain't,
Fearing the publisher's complaint.
As follows: "Haven't you the gall!
Who'll buy it if you tell it all?"

For I'll dance with you any old time,
ma'am,
And it won't cost you one single cent!
Baron Ireland.

THIS PARAGRAPH IS WRITTEN IN
CAPITALS TO TELL ALL LOVERS OF
FINE POETRY THAT THEY ARE COM-
MITTING AN OFFENSE WORTHY OF
CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IF THEY
DON'T GET HOLD OF A. E. HOUSMAN'S
CAPITAL—WE SHOULD SAY BEAUTI-
FUL—"LAST POEMS."

IN PASSING.

A book that I think simply grand
Is Mr. Bill McFee's "Command."
Another one I like as well
Is Owen Johnson's "Skipper Bedelle."
(That last line has a foot that's hatty,
Yet my advice remains unfaulty,
Which is to say: you ought to get
Them books. . . That ends my chanson-
ette.)

HAMLET: A NEW ADDITION TO
BAILLYHOO'S WHO.

If you go to see John Barrymore's
"Hamlet" now being played in New York,
you will be interested at something that
happens at every performance. Against
Robert Edmond Jones's colorful set John
Barrymore is playing the fourth scene of
Act I with the ghost. Every one sits tense
with the weird lighting and the Barrymore
voice when the line comes:

"What may this mean
That thou, dead corse, again, in com-
plete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon."

The audience turns at this point, each to
his neighbor, with a smile of recognition.
For to the multitude of familiar lines in
"Hamlet" has been added one which, judg-
ing by the Barrymore audiences, is univer-
sally recognized—it being the title of Edith
Wharton's novel this year, "The Glimpses
of the Moon."

—Book Note.

The line which we have italicized is an
understatement. When we saw "Hamlet"
the other night and Barrymore delivered
the passage quoted the audience was not
content with "turning at this point, each
to his neighbor, with a smile of recogni-
tion." They rose in a body and chorused
"The glimpses of the moon," the phrase
which Mr. Barrymore has just uttered, is
the title of Edith Wharton's new book." Then
Barrymore graciously ordered the
show stopped so that the audience and
players might give three cheers for Edith
Wharton. This done, the play went on.

Following the same idea, Robert Keable's
new book could be press agented as fol-
lows: An interesting thing happened at a
recent meeting of the Thucydides Bible
Class. "Every one sat tense" when the
minister uttered the words, "And Adam
called his wife's name Eve; because she
was the mother of all living." The mem-
bers of the class turned at this point, each
to his neighbor, with a smile of recognition.
For to the multitude of familiar lines in
the Bible had been added one which, judg-
ing by those present, is universally recog-
nized—it being the title of Robert Keable's
new novel, "The Mother of All Living."

We have been reading George S. Bry-
an's book of poems, "Yankee Notions"
and it is our Yankee notion that only two
of his contemporaries—Robert Frost and
Edward Thomas—have written more fla-
vorous poetry of the countryside and of
rural characters.

Cardinal Gibbons

Continued from Preceding Page.

pliment paid to him by a fellow church-
man.

His fellow citizens in general had never
been lacking in appreciation for him. But
the apogee had come on the occasion of
his jubilee, when he had been acclaimed
by President Taft, ex-President Roosevelt,
Governors, Senators, Ambassadors. Their
praises have been well merited. Few men
had contributed more in his generation to
the peace, order and unity of the republic.
His highest title as an ecclesiastic will al-
ways be associated with his name. But
there have been many Cardinals who have
been also great citizens, as Richelieu and
Ximenes and Borromeo. And not the least
of the titles that may adorn a tablet to
the memory of James Cardinal Gibbons is,
Great American Citizen.

Here are books that your
Friends want to
READ and POSSESS

THE ADVENTURES OF MAYA THE BEE

By Waldemar Bonsels
The great juvenile of our day. Su-
perbly illustrated. \$3.00

ALL THE WORKS OF

The Great Genius of the Age
D. H. Lawrence.

THE NEGRO NOVEL THAT WON THE PRIX GONCOURT

Batouala

By Rene Maran. \$1.75

Two Timely, Sprightly Novels Escape

By Jeffery E. Jeffery.

About a business woman who did not
go to the dogs. \$2.00

Fruit of the Tree

By Hamilton Fyfe.

Contrasting the woman who is the
perfect mother and the woman who
shuns motherhood. \$2.00

A DRAMA IN NINE SCENES

Jeremiah

By Stefan Zweig.

A beautiful poetic work greatly ex-
tended by Romain Rolland and Ameri-
can critics. Handsome volume. \$2.50

THREE FAMOUS BOOKS

Women in Love

The masterpiece of the great genius,
D. H. Lawrence, formerly \$15, now
\$2.50

Casanova's Homecoming

Formerly \$10, now \$2.50

A Young Girl's Diary

The true autobiography of a girl from
eleven to fourteen and a half. \$5.00

THOMAS SELTZER, 5 West 5th St., N.Y.

THE OUTLINE OF HISTORIC PLATI- TUDES.

(Fiction Department)

Her hair was a Golden Cascade;
her eyes were the Bluest Blue of a Sum-
mer Heaven. . . . He had the Face of
a Dreamer and an Artist. . . . "So you
really want me to Go Away with You?" she
murmured. . . . "Yes," he answered,
"away from the Squalor of the City to
God's Country—the Glorious West. . . .
"Give me Time to Decide," she replied.
"All right, take a few minutes," he
cheerily replied, "I know that you love me
and will say yes." He laughed inwardly,
with the Easy Confidence Born of Youth.
For a moment she stood Wrapt in
Thought. . . . "Well?" he asked. . . .
She came Out of Her Reverie with a Nerv-
ous Start. . . . "I will go with you,"
she replied, Clutching his Arm Convulsively.
They stepped out Into the
Night. . . . The loveliness of the Myr-
iad Starred Heavens baffled Description.
They stopped in their tracks, Ar-
rested by the Sheer Beauty of the Night.
Then they set forth on Their Great
Adventure. . . .

It occurs to us that we should have
found room in the above for "furtive
glances" and "bitter reflections."

AN OPEN LETTER TO EDNA FERBER.
" . . . a 'gigolo' . . . designated
one of those incredible and pathetic male
creatures, who for ten francs would dance
with any woman who wanted to dance."
—From "Gigolo," by Edna Ferber.

Oh, lady, I've read of your Gigolo
Who dances for ten francs a flip
With any old girl fain to wiggle-a
In one step or fox trot, her hip.

"Incredible!" he and "pathetic";
You rightly depict him a quince,
But, ma'am, your remarks homiletic
Have caused me, in person, to wince

For I seem to recall years ago, ma'am,
A dance you and me was both to
In Chicago—and gee! it was slow, ma'am,
Except for those waltzes with you.

Yes, a gigolo's surely a linc, ma'am
But I must be still less of a gent,



*Gifts
for Every One*

THE difficulty en-
countered in select-
ing the most appro-
priate GIFT is often
quickly and satisfac-
torily eliminated by
giving

BOOKS

They are always accept-
able, affording lasting en-
joyment to the recipient,
young and old, and are ob-
tainable at prices to suit
every age, taste and purse.

BRENTANO'S
Booksellers to the World
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

**A GIFT
FOR YOUR BOY**

**ANSONIA
SUNWATCH**



Every boy loves a
watch. Here is a
novel timepiece, a
sun dial and compass
in one, that tells time
by the sun. Fascinat-
ing and educational.
Solid brass case.
Fits the vest pocket.
Sent postpaid for \$1.

W.M. G. ANDREWS,
509 Fifth Ave., Cor. 42d St., N. Y. City.

BOOKS BOUGHT

Entire Libraries or Single Vol-
umes. Highest prices paid. Rep-
resentative will call. Cash paid
and books removed promptly.

A. R. WOMRATH, Inc.
Formerly Henry Malkin, Inc.
42 Broadway. Phone Broad 3900.